

Deboted to the Principles of Irue Democracy, and the Dissemination of Morality, Literature and News.

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### THE POTTER JOURNAL, PUBLISHED UT

M. W. McALARNEY, Proprietor.

B. Dovoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, did the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeavor to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

Job Work, of all kinds, executed with neatness and despatch.

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WILLIAMSPORT, Penus, Special attention

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Back Pay, and all claims against the National and

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11. H. Cummin.

April 12. April 1

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Meetings on the 2d and 4th "cdues-tays of each
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DEAL ESTATE and TNSURANCE AGENT Land Bought and Sold, Taxes paid and Tit investigated. Insures property against fire in the becompanies in the Country, and Persons against Actes in the Trivelers Insurance Company of Haford. Business transacted promytly 17-29 P. A. STEBBINS & Co.,

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TERCHANT—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Queensware, Cutlery, and all Goo is usually found in a country store. "61

H. J. OLMSTED,

HARDWARE Merchant, and Dealer in Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron-Ware Main street, Couder sport, Pénnia. Tin and Sheet Iron Ware made to order, in good style, on short notice. COUDERSPORT HOTEL



Bond, or leave your orders at the Post Office for mage over the crown; and it was such a fine morning, and everything looked properties of the present. Was who are disabled by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service of the United States; and pensions, bounty, and arrears of pay obtained for the depot.

They arrived just in season. The whistly been killed while in service. All letters of in places in places like this—and it would be so in places like thi

# THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed, My curtain drawn, and all is mug; Old Puss is on her elbow chair, And Tray is sitting on the rug-Last night I had a curious dream, Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg-What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

She looked so sweet, she sang so well, I could but woo, and she was won; M. self in blue, the bride in white, The ring was placed, the deed was done, Away we went in chaise and four, As fast as grinning boys could flog; What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

What loving tete-a-tetes to come, But tete-a-tetes must still defer When Susan came to live with me Her mother came to live with her! With sister Belle she could not part, But all my ties had leave to jog-What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The mother brought a pretty Poll-A monkey, too, what work he made! The sister introduced a beau-My Susan brought a favorite maid. She had a Thiby of her own,
A snappish mongrel, christened Grog-What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

The monkey bit, the parrot screamed, All day the sister strummed and sung; The petted maid was such a scold, My Susan learned to use her tongue. Her mother had such wretched health, She sat and croaked like any frog— What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

No longer Deary, Duck and Love, I soon came down to simple "M." The very servants crossed my wish, My Susan let me down to them. The poker hardly seemed my own, I might as well have been a log-What d'ye think of that, my cat? What dye think of that, my dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape, Such coats and hats she never met, My ways they were the oddest ways, My friends were such a vulgar set. Poor Thompkinson was snubbed and huffed She could not bear that Mr. Blogg-What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

At times we had a spar, and then Mamma must mingle in the song; The sister took a sister's part,

The maid declared her master wrong; The parrott learned to call me "Fool!" My life was like a London fog-What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine, As proved by bills that had no end never had a decent coat, I never had a coin to spend. She forced me to resign my club, Lay down my pipe, retrench m What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

Each Sunday night we have a rout, To fobs and flirts, a pretty list; And when I tried to steal away, I found my study full of whist. Then, first to come, and last to go, There always, was a Captain Hogg-What dive think of that, my cat?

What d'ye think of that, my dog? Now was not that an awful dream, For one who is single, and snug-With Pussy in the elbow chair,

And Tray reposing on the rug? If I must totter down the hill, 'Tis safest down without a clog-What d'ye think of that, my cat? What d'ye think of that, my dog?

## TROUBLED HONEYMOON.

George Jameson and Katie Vaughan had a brilliant wedding. Everything was COUDERSPORT HOTEL.

P. GLASSMIRE, Proparition, Corner of Main had a brilliant wedding. Everything was and S-cond streets. Condersport Potter Co.Pa. faultless—from the icing on the cake to A Circy Stable is also kept in connection with this Hotel. Daily Stares to and from the Railroads.

Mrs. Vanchan cried just enough not to

MARBLE WORK

| Monuments and Tomb-Stones |
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shouting at the top of his voice:

ry up ladies! Five minutes behind time very best to rival our hero. and another train due."

Katie did not know whether she was bound for Danville or not; probably she calling outhad better get in and let George follow. So she entered the long and smoky vehicle feeling very much at sea, and ready to be dead in ten minutes! Come quick! cry at the slightest provocation. The conductor passed by her seat; she caught him by the arm.

"Is my husband-" "Oh, yes, yes, all right," said the official, hurrying on in a way railway officials

moving carriages. Meanwhile George having seen to the baggage-a proceeding that had occupied

every one he met, without success. "She's probably already in the train sir," said a ticket agent of whom he made

starting, not a moment to lose." George grasped the railing of the hind do, that's a dear woman." car as it flew by, and, flinging open the door, he rushed through car after car, but tree, and being a woman of good muscles, on the train. "Most likely she got on head to foot. He shook himself. the wrong train and went by Groton," said the conductor. "Groton is a way go right onstation fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments. You'll doubtless find her right over to our house and have a cup of how vexed and troubled she must be- bring your wife." and George grew quite lachrymose over her desolate condition.

they whitled up to the platform at Groton ness." and then he did not wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out impetuously his bridal beaver, but he was too much -felt like a new man. engaged in thought of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

mashing up a crinoline here, and knocking on the lounge and take a nap. over a small boy there, until he reached Tom returned about noon. the clerk of the station. Yes, the clerk scoured the whole village, but found noth-House-she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He for sale. wait all night-he would walk.

The fine day had developed into a cloudy dollars to take him to Groten. He was evening-the night would be darker than sure he could find Katie there! usual.

Katie to notice that he had split his ele- swering the description he gave of Katie

gant French gaiters out at the sides. he began to think that something must be band. wrong. He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact, he ought to avidity at the hope thus held out. It some drawn silk bonnet for Mrs. Stark have recached the village itself some time must be Katie! Who else had lost her that the old lady had ever seen. Hotter Journal Job-Office.

Having lately added a fine new assortment of JOB-TYPE to our already large assortment, we are now prepared to do all kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to suburbs of Margate: In fact, he ought to avidity at the balance of the village itself some time must be Kinds of work, cheaply and with taste and neatness. Orders solicited.

George and Katie were so affectionate as the balance of the single of the sin have recached the village itself some time must be Katie! Who else had lost her

neath his feet changed at every step he her husband. Yes, she was all rightsankankiedeepinthe mud; and, suddenly wait for him. She expected him by every gray silk to match the dress with its blue before he could turn about, he fell in all train till he came, said the ticket master. of all kinds, will be furnished on reasona ble terms and short notice by leterms and short notice by Besidence: Eulalia, 12 miles south of Coulersport! Pa, on the Sinnemahoning golden bird of paradise dropping its plushed over the crown; and it was such a mage over the crown; and it was such a line places like this—and it would be so right hand, second flight.

distinguished his voice from that of a frog thieves!" "All aboard for Dunville! Come, hur- close at hand, who had been doing his

Hallo, there ! is it you or a frog ?"

I'm into the mud up to my eyes!"

arm. She was buckleberrying. "The land sake," cried she, you're in ed waiters. for it, ain't ye?"

he vanished from view in the long line of Didn't ye see the notice that the old man A lady and gentleman were slowly ascend. berrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying!" exclaimed George her bonnet. angrily. "You must think a fellow was ed to the ladies' room to und Matie miss- beside in the huckleberrying, indeed! a lady in this manner?" and he seized ing searched about wildly, inquiring of he knew it! Huckleberrying, indeed! a lady in this manner?" and he seized I am after my wife!"

"Land sake! Your wife! Well, of all things, I declare I never!" "She gut on the wrong train, and so think you said; that's the train to Buffa- did I; and I expect she's at Margate, and for this time there was no mistake; it instant, in a suppressed voice pronounced

The old woman steadied herself by a she fled from him in terror.

"There, if you'll show me the way, I'll

"No you won't, either! You'll go claimed he. there." The cars flew over the track. - coffee and something to eat, and a suit of nizing him began to cry.

"You're a trump." cried George wringing her hand. "God bless you!-But it seemed ages to George before You shall be well rewarded for your kind-

that spoiled forever the fair proportions of a broad brim-for the Starks were Friends

They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss; and while Tom was He flew through the astonished crowd, absent, the old lady made him lie down Tom returned about noon. He had

Poor George was frenzied. He rus had stopped at Margate, ten miles back. way to wend his course. Suddenly the vorced?" George seized on the hope. There was train from Groton swept past, and a white no train to Margate until the next morn-handkerchief was swinging from an open be separated again for a moment." ing, but the wretched husband could not window, and above handkerchief George caught the gleam of the golden hair and He got directions about the road; was blue ribbons! It was Katie beyond a how I have suffered." told that it was a straight one-for the doubt. He cleared the fence at a bound most of the way through the woods-rather and rushed after the flying train. He ran louesome but pleasant. He set forth at till he was ready to drop, when he came once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. upon some men with a hand car, who were Excitement had taken away his appetite repairing the road. He gave them ten and loud rent the air.

George hastened on, too much excited all. This was the express for Buffalo Stark's swallow tail, did the honors. o feel fatigue -too much agonized about But a bystander informed him a lady an-

George darted off. He caught with

took. It grew softer and softer, until he She had gone to the American House to

popped his head into the ladies room, at the end of that time you could not have murdered! Help! Help! Murder!-

middle aged, with false teeth, and a deci- Ah! Mr. President, does not this warm At last, just as George was beginning dedly snuffy looking nose. No more like your patriotic heart?" to despair, he heard a voice in the distance the charming little Kate than she was like the Venus de Medici

was alive with people alarmed by the cries drew itself into I know not how many of the woman. They tried to stop him, indescribable lines, in which the comical but he would not be stayed. He took the predominated, and he slid down in his Directly an old woman appeared, a sun- stairs at a leap, and landed somewhere seat until nothing of him was visible but bonnet on her head and a basket on her near the bottom, among the wreck of three the smooth top of his head. He soon chambermaids, and as many white apron- called some one to the chair, came down

"Sarved ye right! I'm glad of it! was rushing down over the front steps — the morning business went on. put up, that nobody must come a huckle- ing them, and George in his mad haste, were few, but sufficiently happy. His ran against the lady and broke the rim of attempt to cite poetry failed. On one

"You rascal!" cried the gentleman quotation from Hamleted to the ladies' room to find Katie miss- beside himself to come into the jungle, if with her, what do you mean by treating "Let the gallant jade wince, our withers are

our hero by the collar.

at the couple before him.

seeking in vain for Katie. She was not she soon drew George out - mud from cried. "I am sure he is insane or drunk! countenance until the laugh which had Only see his boots and his awful hat!"

Katic looked at him now, and recog- had slipped on purpose to show his advoic-

George mentally blessed the man who in- the old man's clothes to put on while I 'Oh, dear! that I should have ever vented steam engines—he could reach dry yours; and I'll send Tom over to lived to see this day! My George that I in a less kindly spirit. All will remember Katie so much sooner. Dear little thing! Margate with the horse and wagon to thought so pure and good, faithless and Buchanan's letter on the subject of "barintoxicated ! Oh, uncle Charles, what gain and corruption," Mr Clay never will become of me?"

uncle. "I think this is George, and we make occasion, to punish it. About 1834 Mrs. Stark's house was only a little way demning him. Mr. Jameson, I met your der discussion. A leading Whig or two distant, and to its shelter she took George. wife in the cars yesterday, and she inform- had spoken, and two or three of the rank Tom was dispatched to Margate to hunt ed me that you had deserted her at the and file of the Democratic party, but one pot and a bird cage in her hand, demol up Mrs. Jameson; and George, arrayed in Windham depot. Of course I could not Democrat then prominent, Walker, of ishing the pot and putting the birds into a suit of Mr. Stark's clothes—blue swal- believe that your absence was intentional, Mississippi, was then speaking. As he hysterice. The old lady was indignant, low tailed coat, home made gray panta- and I persuaded her to remain here while was drawing to a close, I observed that and hit George a rap with her umbrella loons, cow hide boots, and white hat with I telegraphed to the principle stations Mr. Clay was paying unusual attention. along the road for information of you .- The moment Walker closed he sprang to Why did I receive no answer?"

where I had the honor of spending last the noble Whigs came out on every quesnight," said George losing his temper.
"But this extraordinary disguise?"

believed there was one lady who had come ing. Only one passenger had left the got on Mr. Stark's:" said George And while they lay by and waited and watched alone; she had gone to the Belvidere train at Margate on the previous day and though the explanation was not particular- the popular indications. "Come out," he was an old man with patent plasters ly lucid to those who heard it, they were said he, "come out like men end define

the landlord assured him that no lady of out of the house and stood looking first up rushing into his arms, "and so you did Wright and Mr. Buchanan sat near each Katie's style had arrived; perhaps she and then down the road, uncertain which not desert me, and I shant have to be di-other, on a line with Mr. Clay, who, ob-

But no! the train had not stopped at and George, looking very sheepish in Mr. gentleman from Kentucky need not at-

They proceeded on their tour next day.

The following remniscence of Mr Clay are from the pen of the Hon. Thos Ewing who wrote them as a contribution to a Sanitary Fair:

Mr. Clay with all his terrible power of denunciation, was in ordinary debate pleasant and playful. When dealing with an ordinary adversary, he often reminded me of the lines in Milton's description of Eden before the fall:

"Sportive the lion romped, and in his paw Dandled the kid." On one occasion, the year I do not re-

member, but it was the first time the Janes 64. Claim Agent, Condersport. Pa.

St. 500 Per Year! We want agents
to serving Machines. Three new kinds. Under and on the feller of the Falls, my
to serving Machines. Three new kinds. Under and on the feller of the Falls, my
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to serving Machines. Three new kinds about to the feller of t Whigs carried an election in the city of

-the proud capital of your noble Statehas made its voice heard in our halls, in George stood aghast. The lady was defence of the Constitution of our country.

~ ... ( Ev.) a edica soc

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The impudence and absurdity of this appeal was too much for the dignity of a , He turned to flee just as the stairway presiding officer. Mr. Van Buren's face took a pinch of snuff with Mr. Clay, and And before any one could seize him he after a wholesome laugh between them,

His classical illusions (English classics) occasion he attempted the backneyed

He mistook the last syllable, and with Then for the first time, George looked great distinctness and fine emphasis made. it "unstrung" Watkins Leigh sat on "Tis Katie! Oh Katie!" cried he, his right, I on his left; both at the same lo; you'll likely find her there. Just I started from Groton last night to walk was Katie and her uncle Charles. "Oh, the word "unwrung." The double, there, and lost my way. Help me cut, my wife! my wife!"

There, and lost my way. Help me cut, my wife! my wife!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but self up, and with a stronger comphasismade the word "unhung." He stoud "Take that dreadful man away," she with a very pleasant and unembarrassed "I tell you I am your own George! - a gentle shake of his head, and a long Oh, Katie, where have you been?" ex- drawing out of the first word, said : "Ah, murder will out." I almost imagined he

ness in recovering.

But his wit was sometimes displayed forgot, never forgave it, and never failed "My dear niece, be patient," said her to take occasion, and if none arose to will bear what he has to say before con- or '35 a matter of some interest was unhis foot and spoke five or ten minutes with "Because the telegraph does not run great vehemence of manuer, saying nothinto old Mr. Stark's, huckleberry swamp, ing but simply vaporing. He boasted that tion that arose, with promptness and d cision, while the Democratic leaders out "My clothes were muddy, and I have their rank and file forward to skirmish. satisfied.

"My dearest George!" cried Katic, I call for the leaders of the party." Mr. viously, directed his remarks to one or "Never, my darling! and we'll never both of them. Mr. Wright dooked up for a moment, plucked with his finger "No, not for all the baggage in the behind his ear, and turned to his writing. world! Oh, George, you don't know Mr. Buchanan looked up and listened and when Mr. Clay took his reat, arose and The crowd could be kept ignorant no replied, with high indignation - was surlonger, for scores had assempled round the prised at the gentleman from Kentucky: hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance "He knows well, and the Senate can bear Matters were explained, and cheers long me witness, that I am prompt and direct\_ in expressing my opinions on subjects as The landlord got up an impromptu they arise, but I choose to take my ewn wedding dinner, at which Katie presided; time and consult my own conscience. The tempt to force me into this discussion or any other until I choose to engage in it." and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Stark Mr. Clay in his blandest mauner assured had been seen the day before at Danville were delighted to receive a box by ex- the gentleman from Pennsylvania that he After three or four hours hard walking crying, and saying she had lost her hus- press, containing the lost suit of the old had no reference whatever to him-"far gentleman, and the wherewithal to pur from it," said he, with a mighty omphachase him another, beside the most hand- sis, "I called for the leaders of the party" Mr. Buchanan appealed to the Scuatethe gentleman from Kentucky fixed his "There, old men," said she, turning eyes upon him and addressed his remarks WANTED, AGENTS, \$150 PER MONTH, TO give the world the idea that there was look about him. There was no road at look about from the glass at which she had been sur- to him throughout. Mr. Clay, in his said to Mr. Clay when he took his seat. "Your first blow was cruel but magnificent. the last savage warfare-tomahawking "Ah! d-n him," said Mr. Clay, "he writes letters."

May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather bed?

However active a goose's wing may be in life, it becomes stationary afterwards.

Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea? "I don't know ma'am; but I guess they dried themselves."